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SPECIAL BONUS
BOOK LENGTH NOVEL...
"SHIWAN KHAN'S
HOUSE OF HORRORS!"

WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS
IN THE HEARTS OF MEN...
ONLY THE SHADOW KNOWS!

THE SHADOW

1964! YEAR OF POLITICAL
TURMOIL AND INTERNATIONAL
TENSION! PRESIDENTIAL
ELECTION YEAR! YEAR OF
THE WORLD'S FAIR! ALSO
THE YEAR IN WHICH THE
SHADOW ENTERED...

**SHIWAN KHAN'S
HOUSE OF HORRORS!**

GREAT GUNS!
THIS ISN'T A
LEGITIMATE
WORLD'S FAIR
EXHIBIT BUILDING! IT'S
A MACABRE PAVILION
BUILT BY SHIWAN
KHAN TO TRAP ME!

YES, SHADOW!
I WENT TO GREAT
LENGTHS TO ACCOM-
PLISH YOUR FINISH!
CONFUCIUS SAID...
"ONE CANNOT CATCH
A TIGER WITH A
BUTTERFLY NET!"



THE SHADOW, Number 2, November, 1964. Published bi-monthly by Radio Comics, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 63147. Executive and Editorial offices: 231 Church Street, New York, N.Y. 10013. Chicago office: 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601. Hollywood office: 435 So. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90006. Copyright 1964 by the Conde Nast Pub., Inc., produced by Lyle K. Engel. All rights reserved. Single copies, 12c. No actual person is named or delineated in this fiction magazine. Printed in the U.S.A.

ONE NIGHT, AT LAMONT CRANSTON'S GLAMOROUS TOWN HOUSE IN NEW YORK...

DINA! I WAS SUPPOSED TO PICK YOU UP FOR DINNER IN A HALF HOUR!

RIGHT! BUT I DON'T TRUST YOU ANY MORE, DARLING!



FOUR PREVIOUS APPOINTMENTS, ... FOUR CANCELLATIONS AT THE LAST MOMENT! SO I DECIDED TONIGHT WOULD BE DIFFERENT! NO MORE BRUSH-OFFS!

DETERMINED LITTLE MINX, AREN'T YOU?



LAMONT, A DREAM-BOAT LIKE YOU SAILS BY ONCE IN A GIRL'S LIFETIME! AND I DON'T INTEND TO MISS THAT BOAT! GOT THE MESSAGE, MY SWEET?

I READ YOU LOUD AND CLEAR! BUT SPEAKING OF MESSAGES...



I MUST CHECK WITH MARGO LANE, MY SECRETARY, TO SEE IF THERE ARE ANY FINAL CALLS FOR THE DAY!

DIAL AWAY! YOU'RE IN MY CLUTCHES NOW!



BUT AS MARGO LANE ANSWERS THE PHONE DOWN-STAIRS...

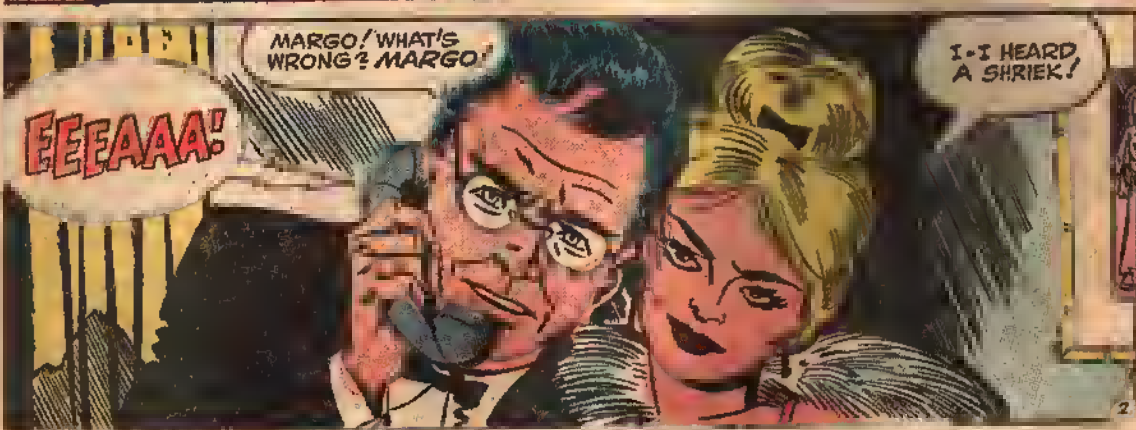
MARGO! THIS IS LAMONT! ANYTHING NEW?

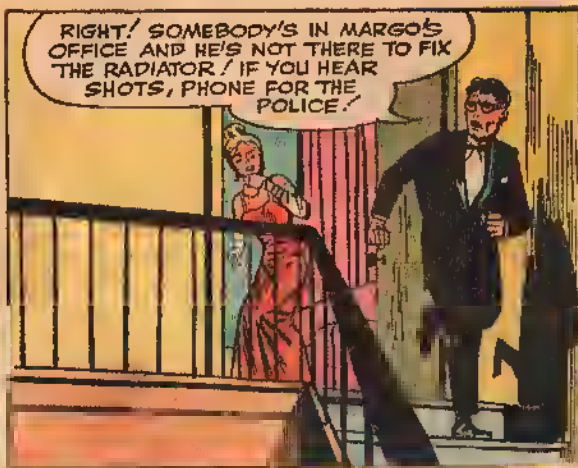
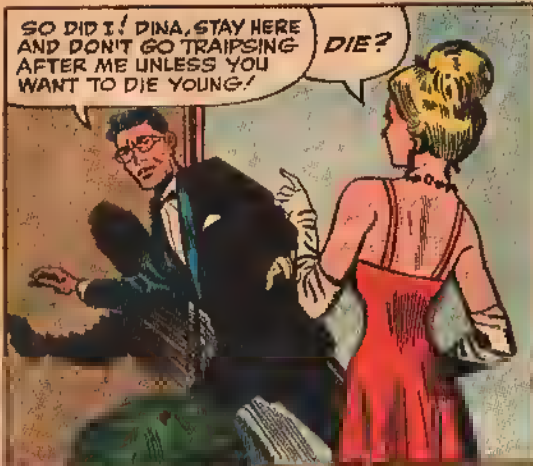


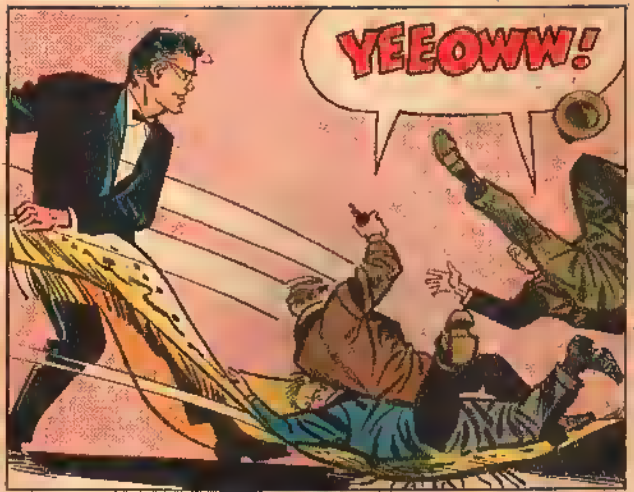
MARGO! WHAT'S WRONG? MARGO!

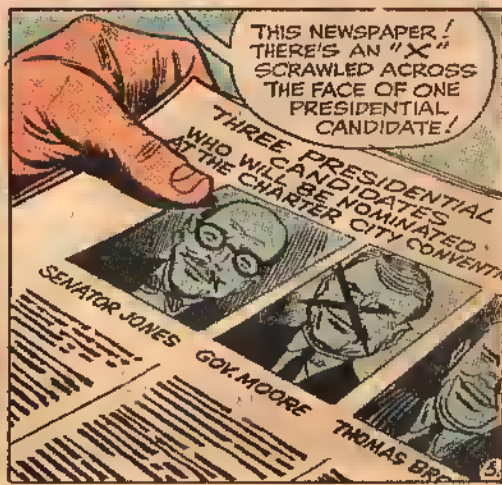
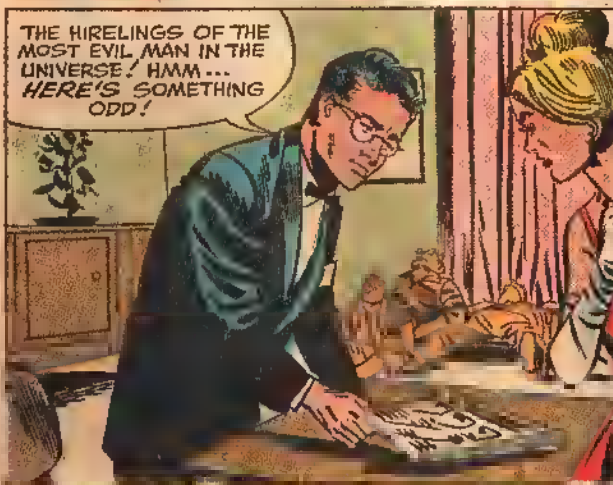
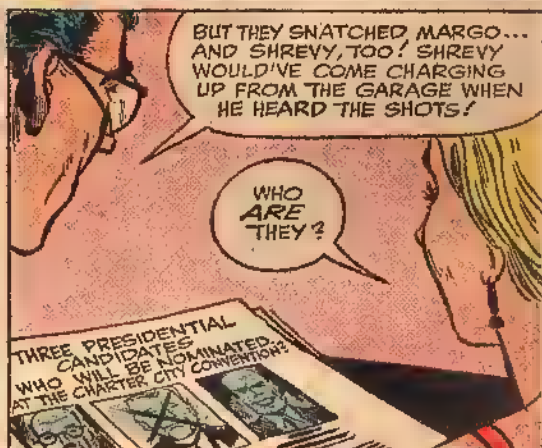
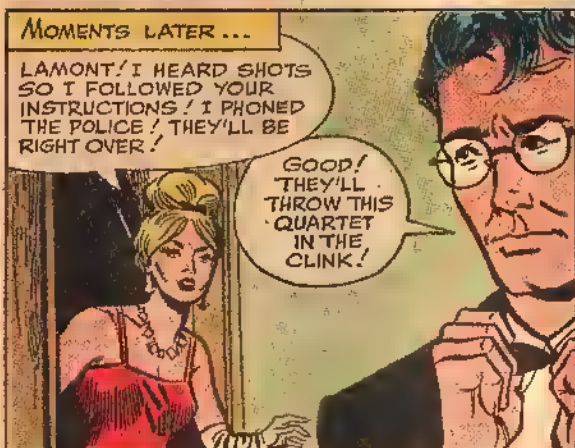
EEEEAAA!

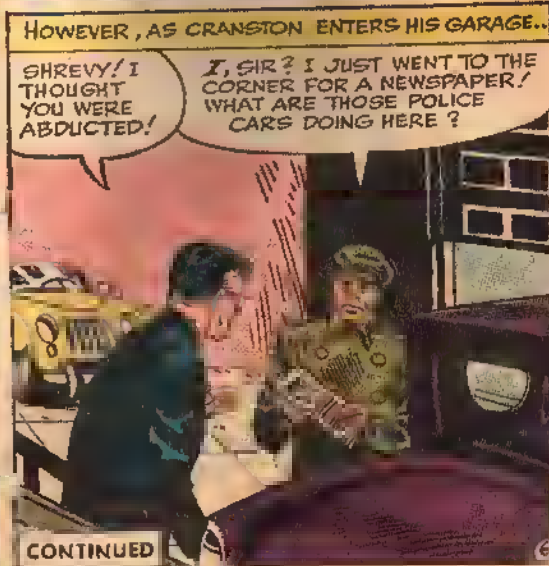
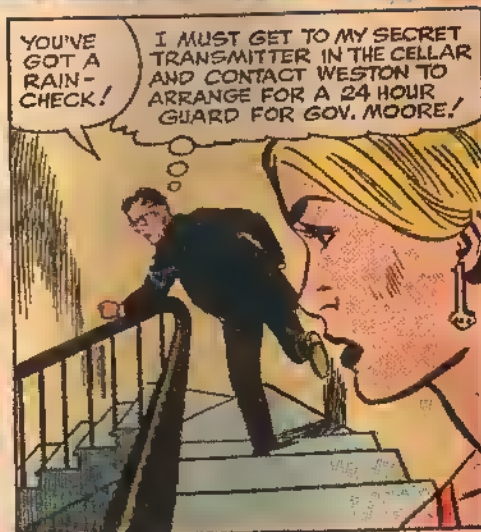
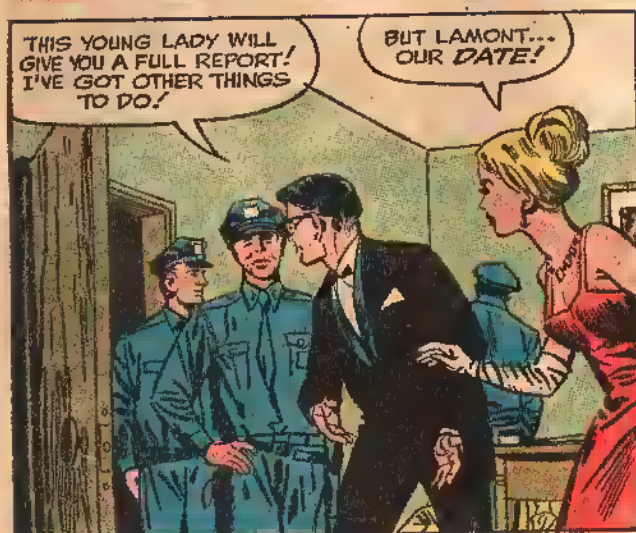
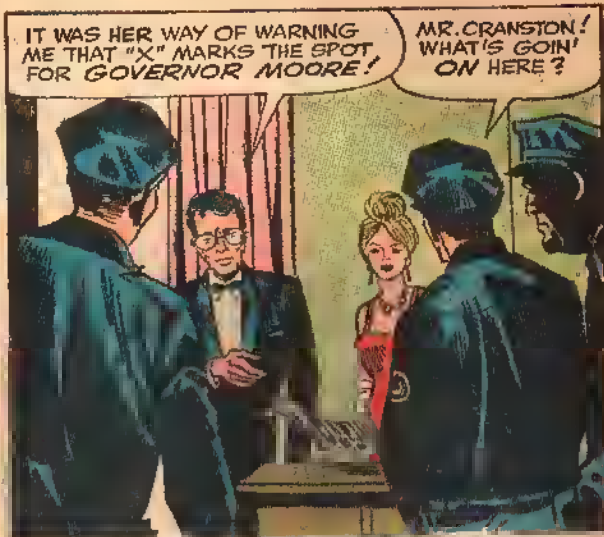
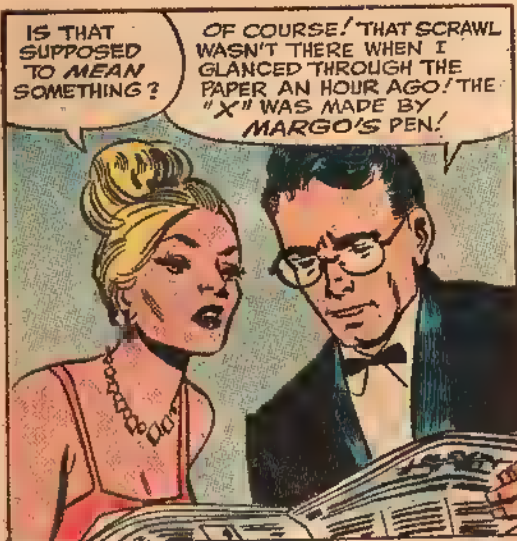
I-I HEARD A SHRIEK!







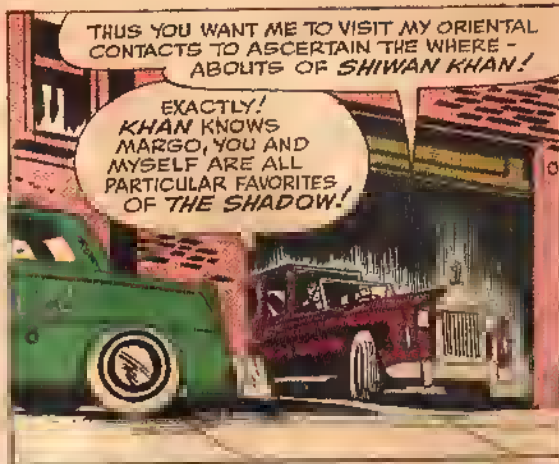






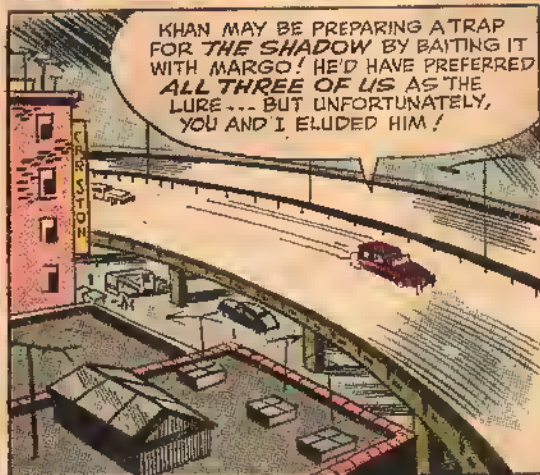
IT'S A LONG STORY, WHICH ENDS WITH THE KIDNAPPING OF MARGO! TAKE THE WHEEL, SHREVVY! WE'RE GOING TO CHINATOWN!

YOU SUSPECT THAT SHIWAN KHAN ENGINEERED HER DISAPPEARANCE?

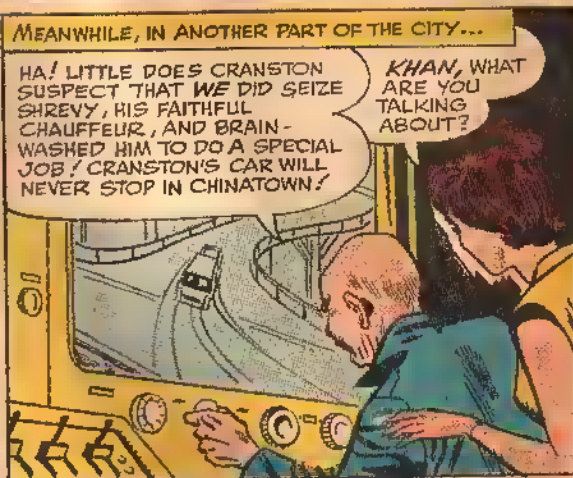


THUS YOU WANT ME TO VISIT MY ORIENTAL CONTACTS TO ASCERTAIN THE WHERE-ABOUTS OF SHIWAN KHAN!

EXACTLY! KHAN KNOWS MARGO, YOU AND MYSELF ARE ALL PARTICULAR FAVORITES OF THE SHADOW!



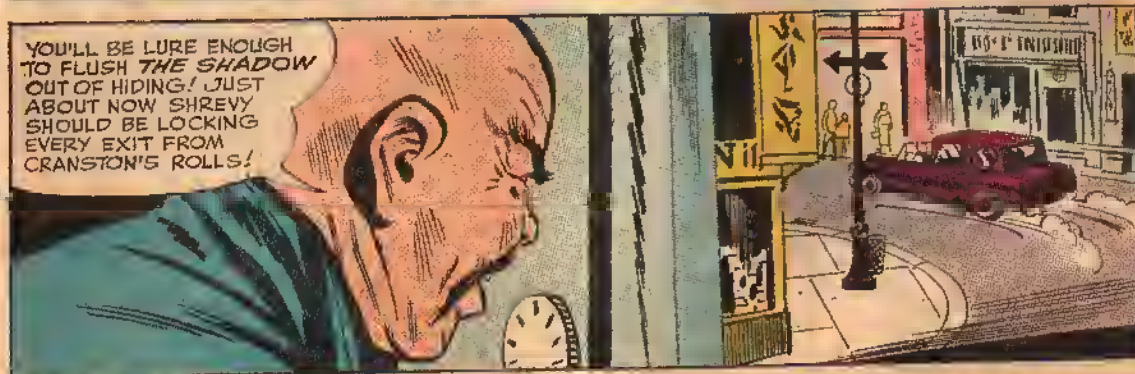
KHAN MAY BE PREPARING A TRAP FOR THE SHADOW BY BAITING IT WITH MARGO! HE'D HAVE PREFERRED ALL THREE OF US AS THE LURE... BUT UNFORTUNATELY, YOU AND I ELUDED HIM!



MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...

HA! LITTLE DOES CRANSTON SUSPECT THAT WE DID SEIZE SHREVVY, HIS FAITHFUL CHAUFFEUR, AND BRAIN-WASHED HIM TO DO A SPECIAL JOB! CRANSTON'S CAR WILL NEVER STOP IN CHINATOWN!

KHAN, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



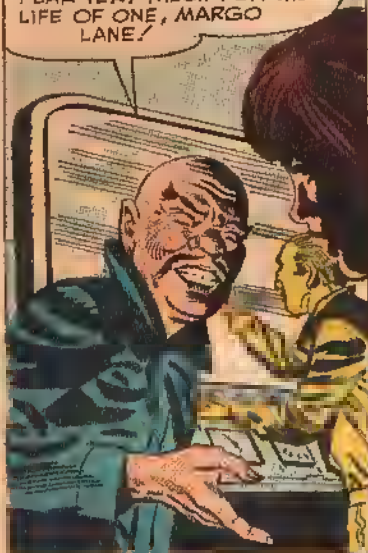
YOU'LL BE LURE ENOUGH TO FLUSH THE SHADOW OUT OF HIDING! JUST ABOUT NOW SHREVVY SHOULD BE LOCKING EVERY EXIT FROM CRANSTON'S ROLLS!



SHREVVY! ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU'VE SEALED ME INSIDE THE CAR!

CLICK!

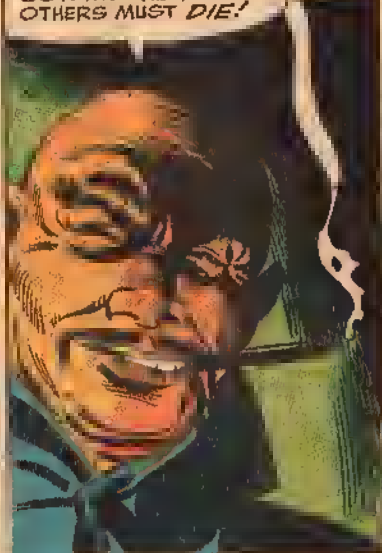
NO NEED TO WATCH THE GORY DETAILS! WHEN **THE SHADOW** LEARNS OF SHREVVY AND CRANSTON'S DEATHS, HE'LL FEAR VERY MUCH FOR THE LIFE OF ONE, MARGO LANE!



BUT WE'LL BE KIND TO **THE SHADOW**! WE'LL HELP HIM FOLLOW A TRAIL TO WHERE WE'RE HOLDING YOU! THEN... FAREWELL **THE SHADOW** AND ON TO OUR MAIN BUSINESS!



YOU COMPLIMENT ME, DEAR GIRL! EVIL IS WHAT I LIVE FOR! THEREFORE, ANY FORCE FOR GOOD LIKE **THE SHADOW**, GOV. MOORE AND OTHERS MUST DIE!



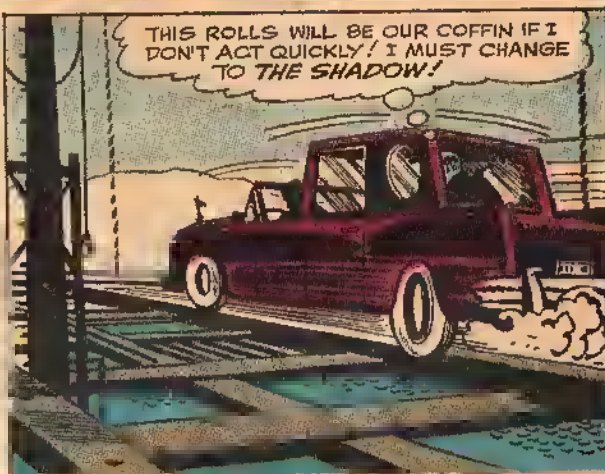
AT THE SAME TIME, IN CRANSTON'S CAR...

SHREVVY'S HEADING FOR THE UNCOMPLETED **NARROWS BRIDGE**! HE INTENDS TO DESTROY BOTH OF US!

HEY! TURN BACK! NO CAR CAN DRIVE ON THIS BRIDGE!



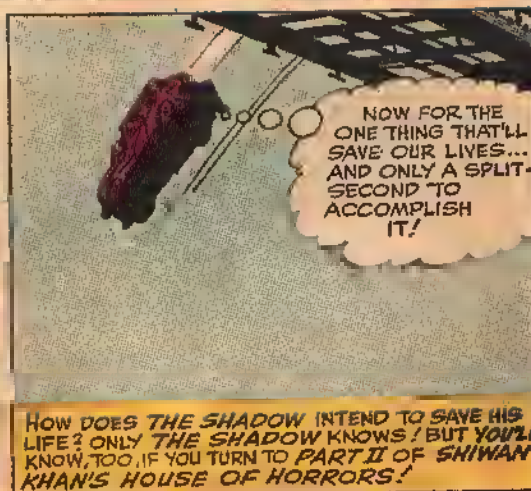
THIS ROLL WILL BE OUR COFFIN IF I DON'T ACT QUICKLY! I MUST CHANGE TO **THE SHADOW**!



AS I SUSPECTED, SHREVVY HAS NO MIND OF HIS OWN! HE DOESN'T REALIZE I'M **THE SHADOW** EVEN THOUGH HE SEES ME CLEARLY THROUGH HIS REAR VISION MIRROR!



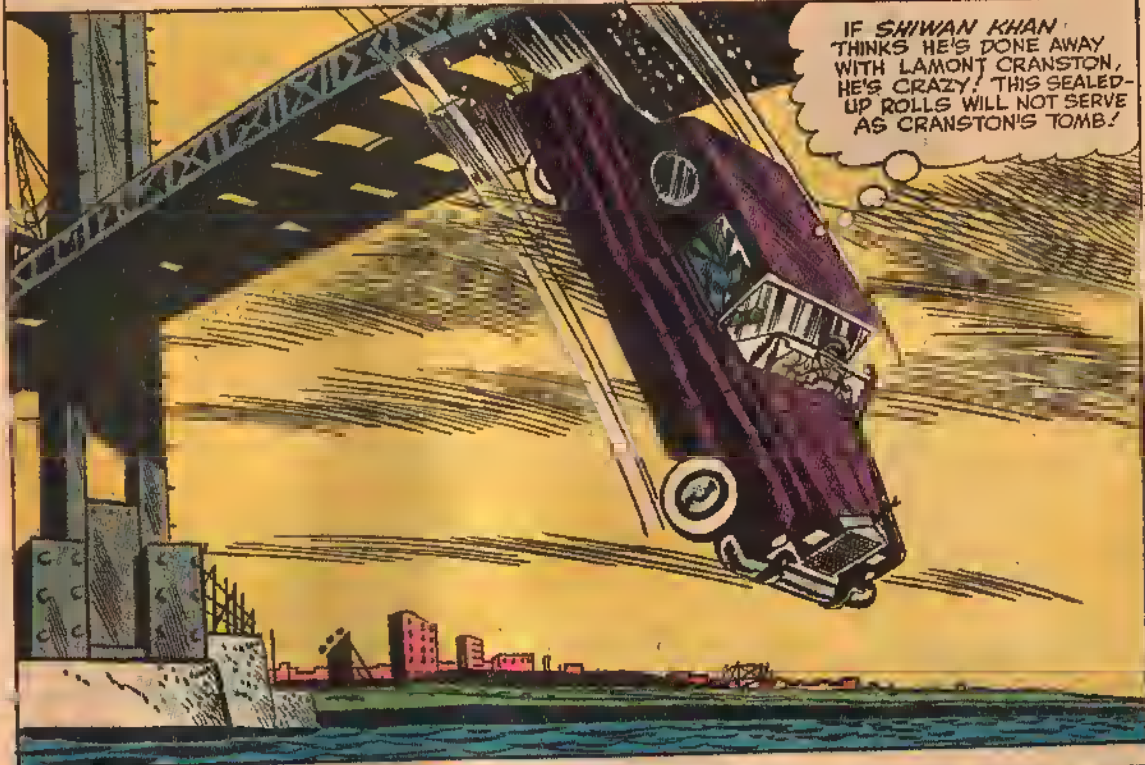
NOW FOR THE ONE THING THAT'LL SAVE OUR LIVES... AND ONLY A SPLIT-SECOND TO ACCOMPLISH IT!



HOW DOES **THE SHADOW** INTEND TO SAVE HIS LIFE? ONLY **THE SHADOW** KNOWS! BUT YOU'LL KNOW, TOO, IF YOU TURN TO PART II OF **SHIWAN KHAN'S HOUSE OF HORRORS**!

PART II OF "SHIWAN KHAN'S HOUSE OF HORRORS"!!
 WATCH HOW THE RUTHLESS DESCENDANT OF GENGHIS
 KHAN PRODUCES A PRIVATE, ONE-MAN SHOW AT THE
 WORLD'S FAIR ... FOR THE SHOCKING DESTRUCTION
 OF HIS ARCH-ENEMY...

THE SHADOW



IF SHIWAN KHAN
 THINKS HE'S DONE AWAY
 WITH LAMONT CRANSTON,
 HE'S CRAZY! THIS SEALED-
 UP ROLLS WILL NOT SERVE
 AS CRANSTON'S TOMB!

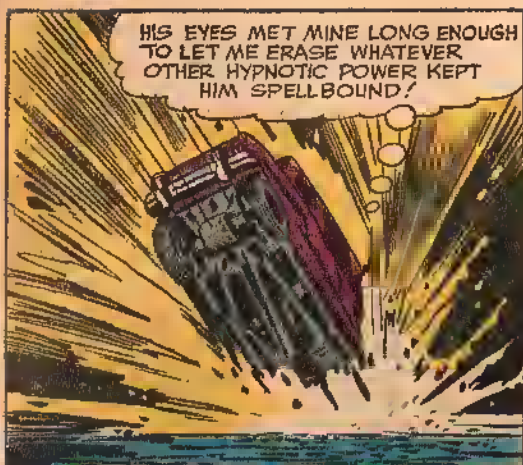
THIS TEACHES ME NOT TO
 LEAVE A DUPLICATE PANEL
 CONTROLLING THE CAR'S
 EMERGENCY ESCAPE
 MECHANISMS NEAR THE
 STEERING WHEEL WHERE
 THE DRIVER CAN IMPRISON
 SOMEONE ... EVEN ME...
 INSIDE!

SHREVVY!

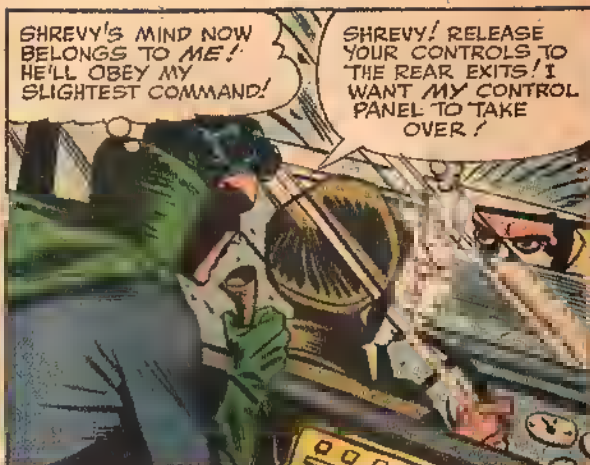
IT'S USELESS TO PLEAD, MR.
 CRANSTON! I CANNOT LET
 YOU GO...

GULP..!

AHA! AS I'D
 HOPED, I'VE
 CAUGHT
 SHREVVY'S
 GAZE IN
 THE REAR
 VIEW
 MIRROR!



HIS EYES MET MINE LONG ENOUGH
TO LET ME ERASE WHATEVER
OTHER HYPNOTIC POWER KEPT
HIM SPELLBOUND!



SHREVV'S MIND NOW
BELONGS TO ME!
HE'LL OBEY MY
SLIGHTEST COMMAND!

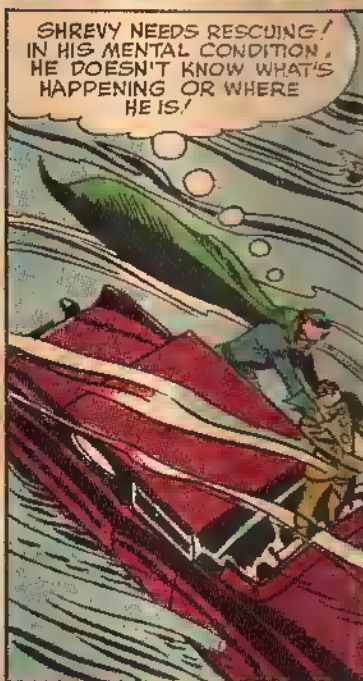
SHREVV! RELEASE
YOUR CONTROLS TO
THE REAR EXITS! I
WANT MY CONTROL
PANEL TO TAKE
OVER!



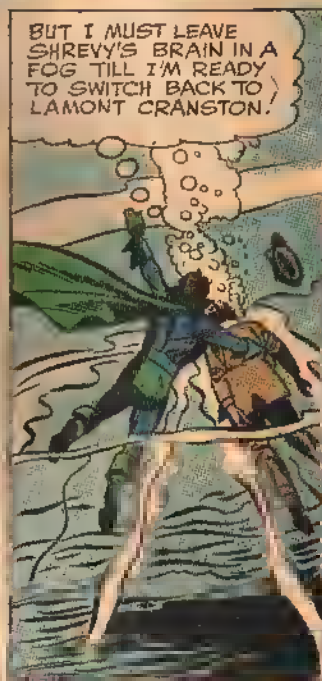
YES, MASTER!

NOW I'LL
OPEN EVERY
DOOR... FRONT
AND BACK!

CLICK



SHREVV NEEDS RESCUING!
IN HIS MENTAL CONDITION,
HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT'S
HAPPENING OR WHERE
HE IS!

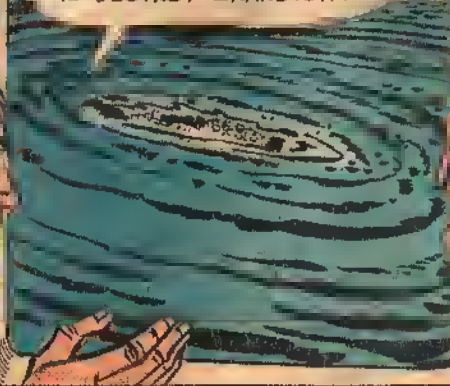


BUT I MUST LEAVE
SHREVV'S BRAIN IN A
FOG TILL I'M READY
TO SWITCH BACK TO
LAMONT CRANSTON.

MEANWHILE, AT
SHIYAN KHAN'S
NEW YORK
HEADQUARTERS...

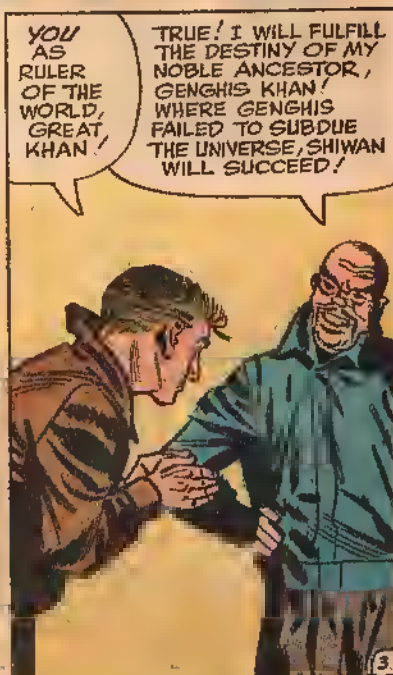
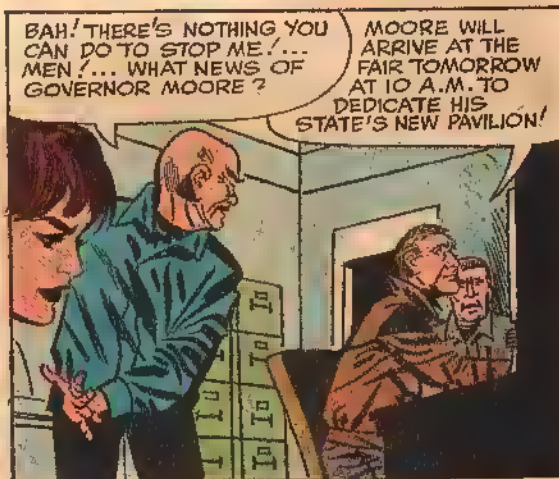
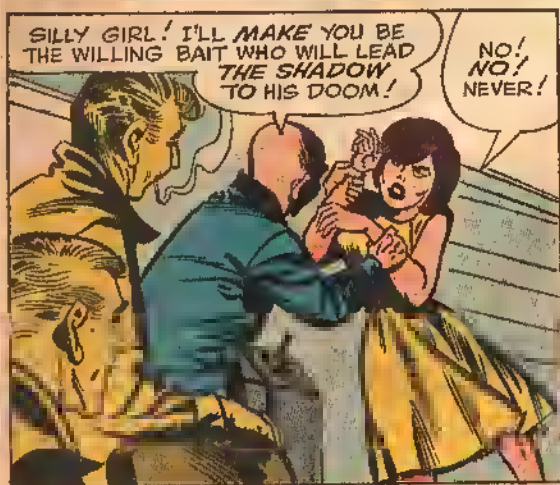
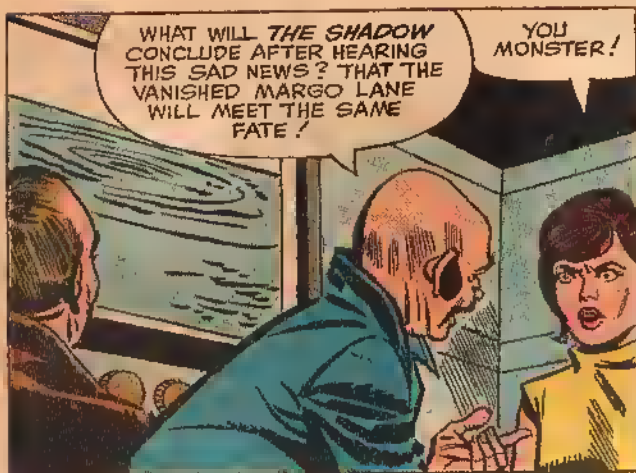


I TURNED ON THE MONITOR,
MASTER! SEE THE RESULTS
OF BRAIN - WASHING SHREVV
TO DESTROY CRANSTON!



HMM... SOON THE POLICE, UPON
DREDGING THE BOTTOM, WILL TELL
THE WORLD SHREVV AND CRANSTON
ARE DEAD!





AT THE SAME
TIME, AT A
DESERTED
WHARF...



NOBODY SAW ME REACH
SHORE... NOT EVEN SHREVEY,
WHO IS UNCONSCIOUS!

HMM... I WONDER WHETHER I SHOULD
BECOME CRANSTON AGAIN! KHAN
THINKS I'M DEAD! SO WHY GIVE
HIM SOMETHING
EXTRA TO THINK
ABOUT?



I WON'T! I'LL PLAY A LONE
HAND FROM NOW ON... AS
THE SHADOW!

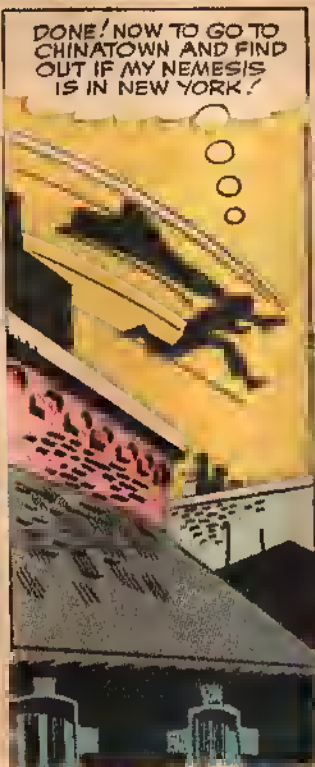


MINUTES LATER, IN A WHARF
WAREHOUSE...

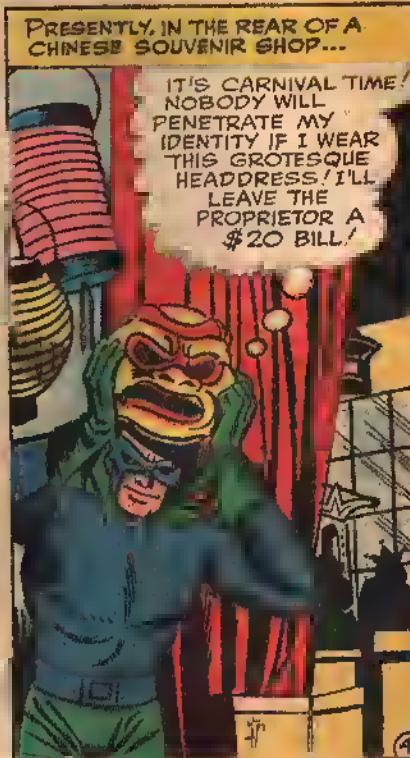


FIRST, I'LL
STASH SHREVEY
AWAY WHERE HE
CAN'T CATCH COLD
OR BE DISCOVERED
BY THE NIGHT
WATCHMAN!

DONE! NOW TO GO TO
CHINATOWN AND FIND
OUT IF MY NEMESIS
IS IN NEW YORK!

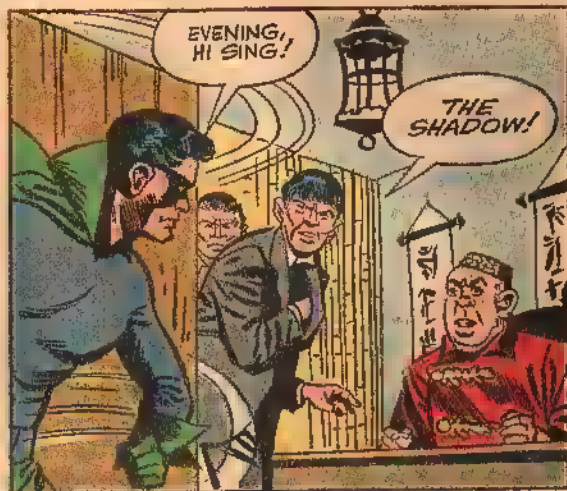


PRESENTLY, IN THE REAR OF A
CHINESE SOUVENIR SHOP...



IT'S CARNIVAL TIME!
NOBODY WILL
PENETRATE MY
IDENTITY IF I WEAR
THIS GROTESQUE
HEADRESS! I'LL
LEAVE THE
PROPRIETOR A
\$20 BILL!







VERY WELL, ESTEEMED GUEST! **SHIWAN KHAN** IS HERE... AT THE WORLD'S FAIR! HE'S BUILDING HIS OWN PAVILION THERE!

FOR HIS OWN AMUSEMENT OR THE TOURISTS?



WHO CAN READ THE MIND OF **SHIWAN KHAN**?

THE SHADOW CAN! **KHAN'S** NEVER UP TO ANY GOOD! I WARN YOU, **HI SING**! IF THIS LEAD TURNS OUT TO BE A WILD GOOSE CHASE...



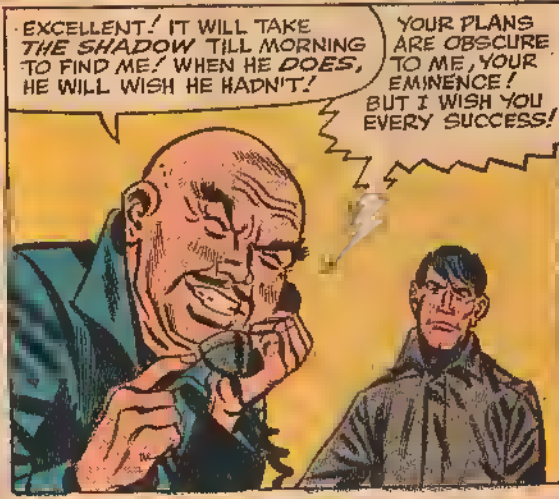
...YOUR GOOSE IS COOKED, CANTON STYLE!

I GUARANTEE THAT YOU WILL FIND **SHIWAN KHAN** AT THE WORLD'S FAIR! MORE THAN THIS, I DO NOT KNOW!



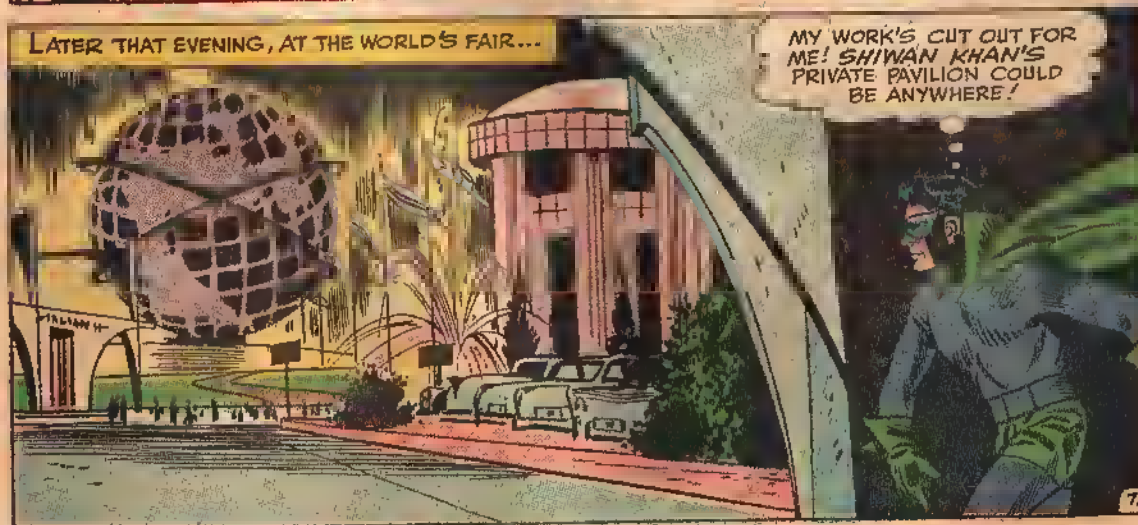
BUT THEN, AS **THE SHADOW** LEAVES...

SHIWAN KHAN! THIS IS **HI SING WAN**! AS YOU ANTICIPATED, **THE SHADOW** CAME TO ME FOR INFORMATION AND I GAVE IT TO HIM, AS YOU ORDERED!



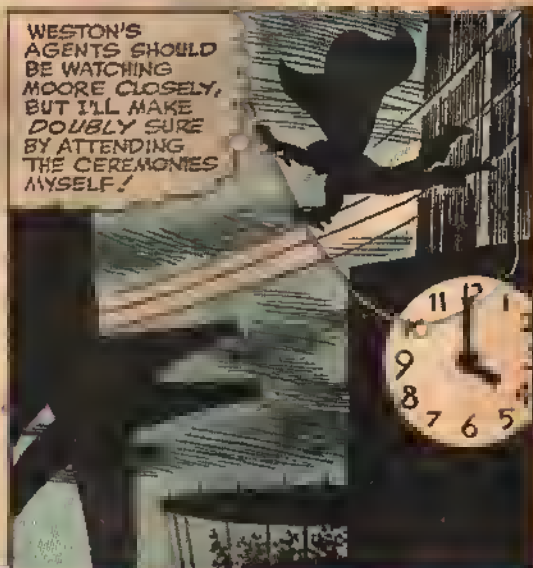
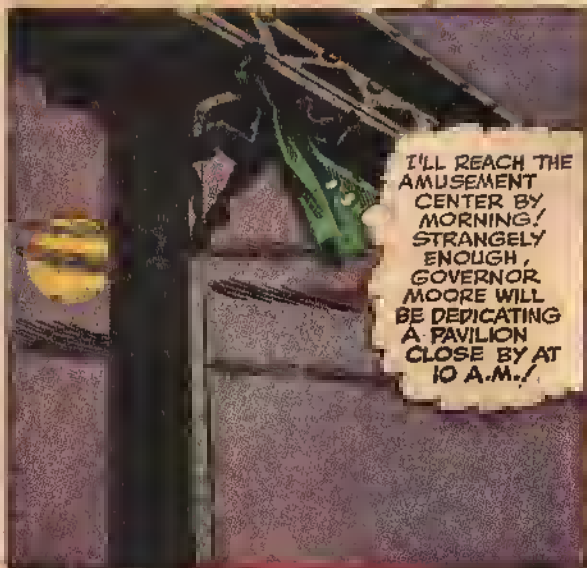
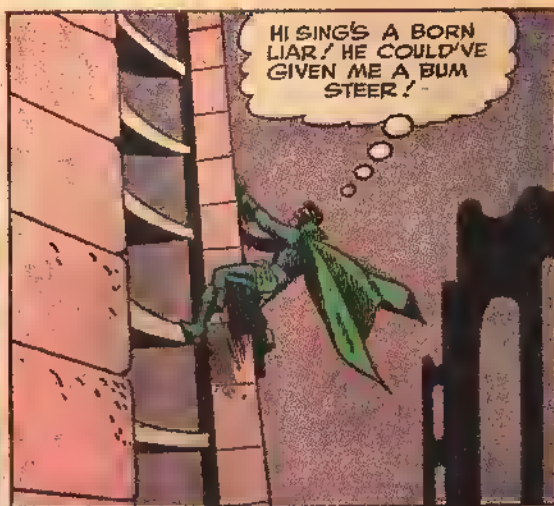
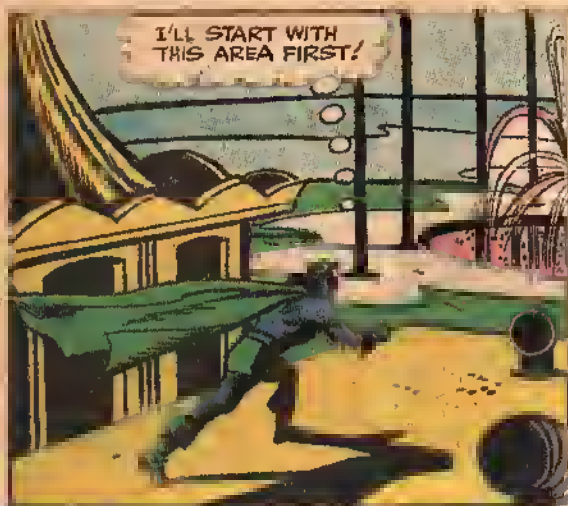
EXCELLENT! IT WILL TAKE **THE SHADOW** TILL MORNING TO FIND ME! WHEN HE DOES, HE WILL WISH HE HADN'T!

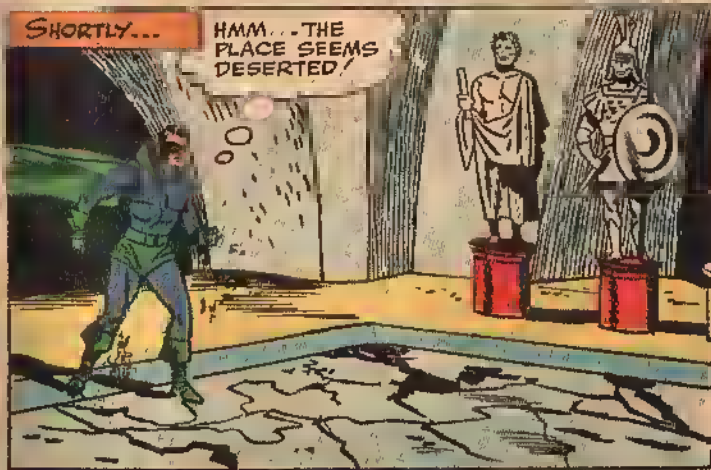
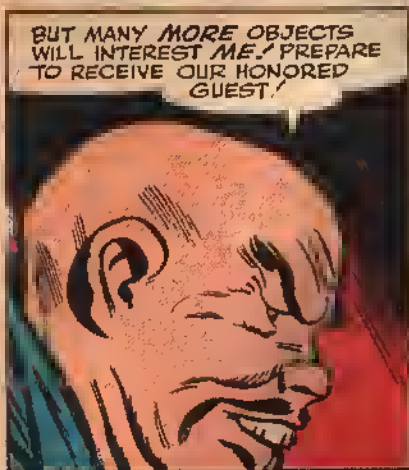
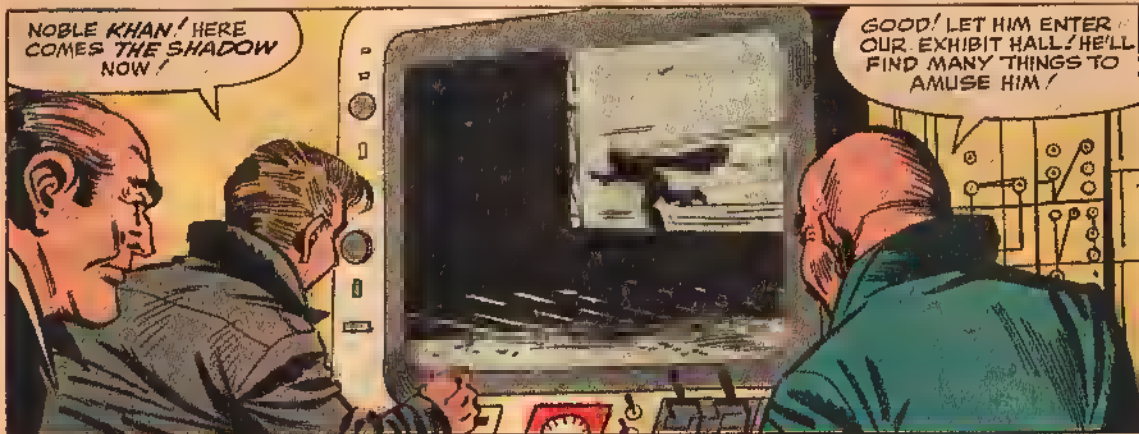
YOUR PLANS ARE OBSCURE TO ME, YOUR EMINENCE! BUT I WISH YOU EVERY SUCCESS!

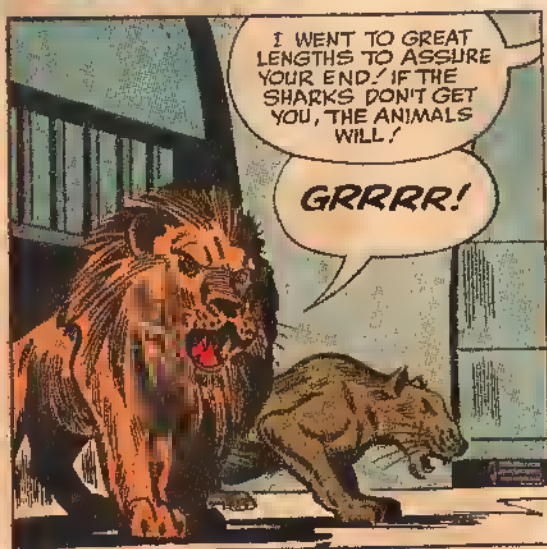
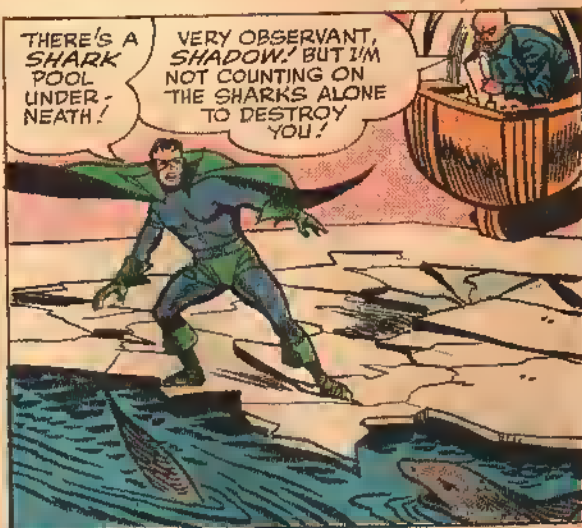


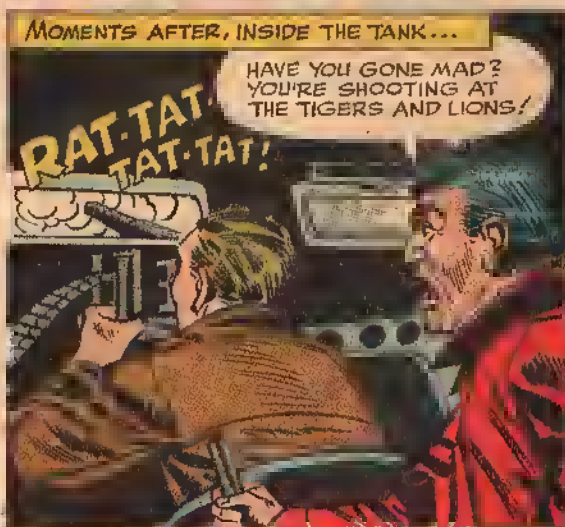
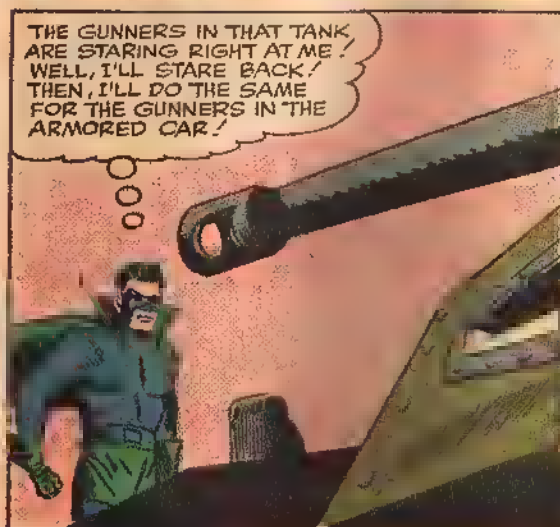
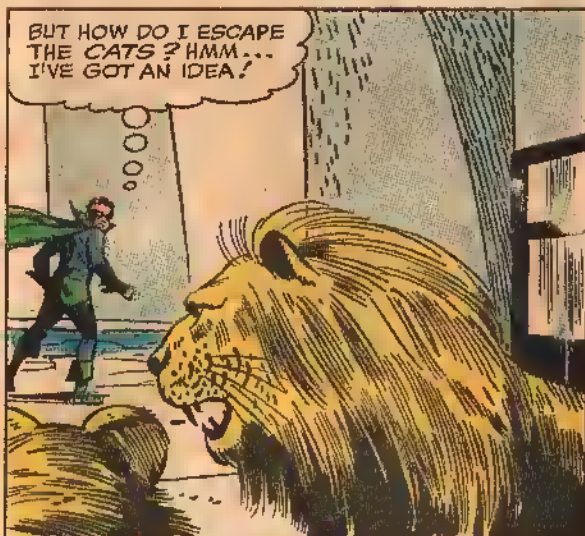
LATER THAT EVENING, AT THE WORLD'S FAIR...

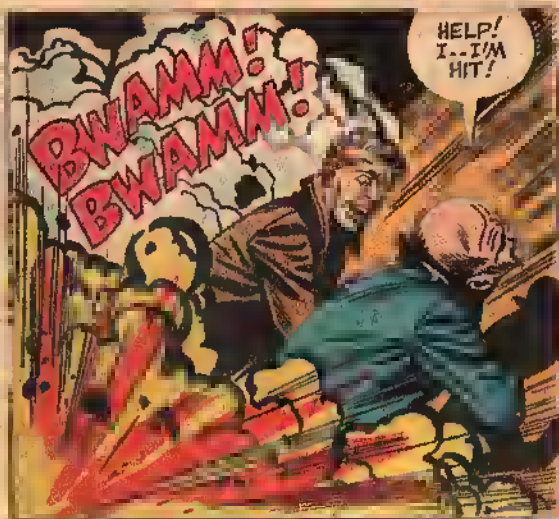
MY WORK'S CUT OUT FOR ME! **SHIWAN KHAN'S** PRIVATE PAVILION COULD BE ANYWHERE!



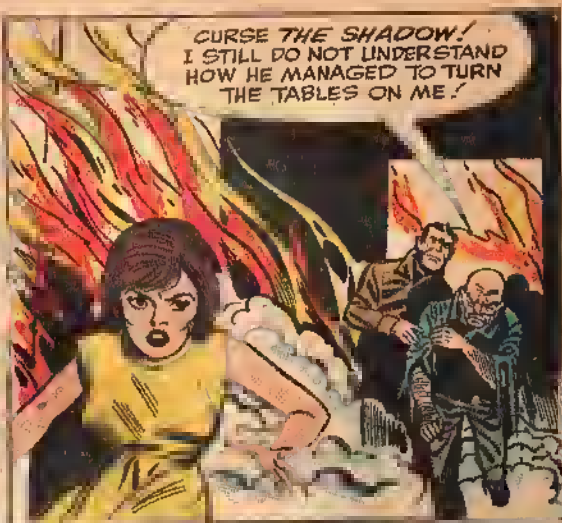




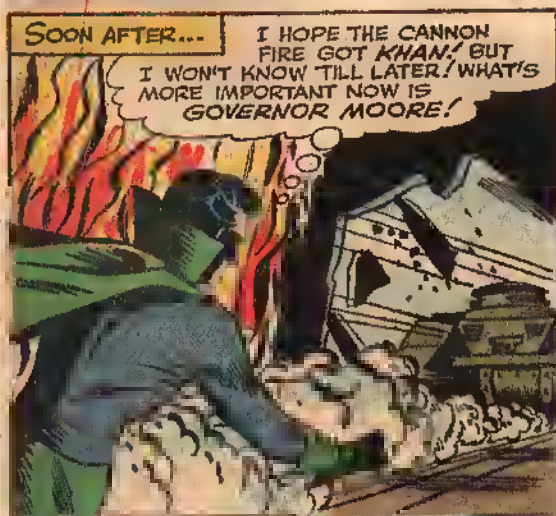




HELP!
I..I'M
HIT!

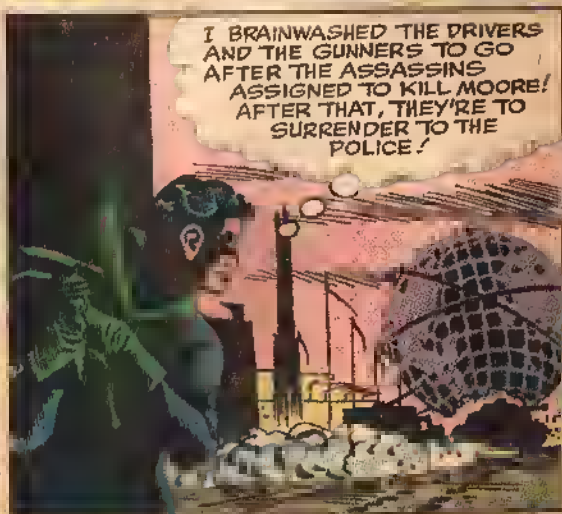


CURSE THE SHADOW!
I STILL DO NOT UNDERSTAND
HOW HE MANAGED TO TURN
THE TABLES ON ME!



SOON AFTER...

I HOPE THE CANNON
FIRE GOT KHAN, BUT
I WON'T KNOW TILL LATER! WHAT'S
MORE IMPORTANT NOW IS
GOVERNOR MOORE!



I BRAINWASHED THE DRIVERS
AND THE GUNNERS TO GO
AFTER THE ASSASSINS
ASSIGNED TO KILL MOORE!
AFTER THAT, THEY'RE TO
SURRENDER TO THE
POLICE!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

YIIII!
EEEEEE!!

GOOD HEAVENS!
WHERE'D THAT TANK
AND ARMORED CAR
COME FROM? HOW'D
THEY KNOW WHICH
SPECTATORS WERE
MOORE'S INTENDED
ASSASSINS?



SHORTLY...

THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE
ALIVE, CRANSTON, BUT
WHAT MADE KHAN'S MEN SHOOT
DOWN THEIR OWN
COMRADES? WHAT
HAPPENED TO THAT
STRANGE NEW
PAVILION?

SORRY, WESTON!
I HAVEN'T GOT
THE ANSWERS!

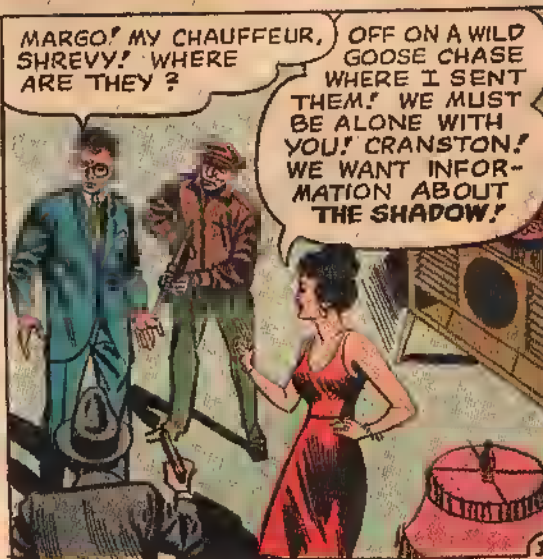
...BECAUSE
ONLY THE
SHADOW
KNOWS!

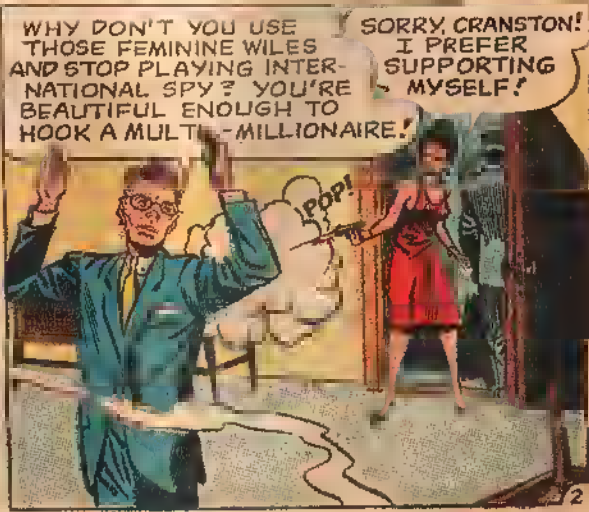
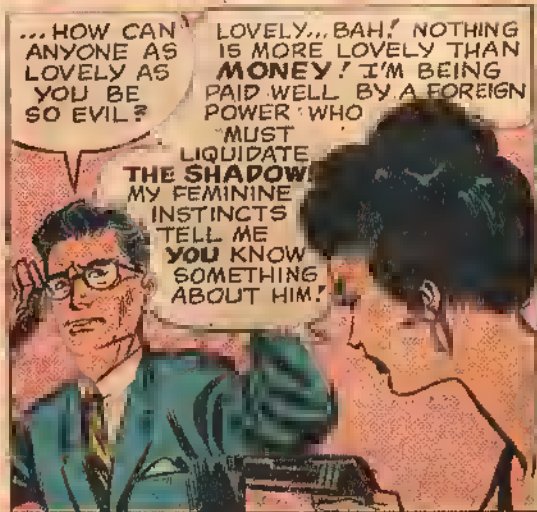
THE
END.

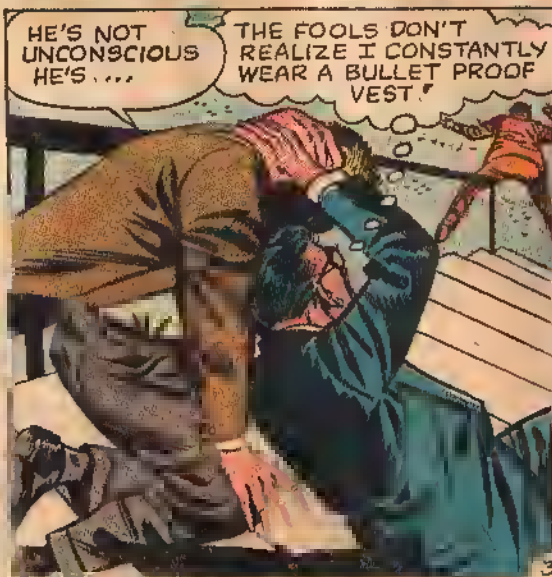
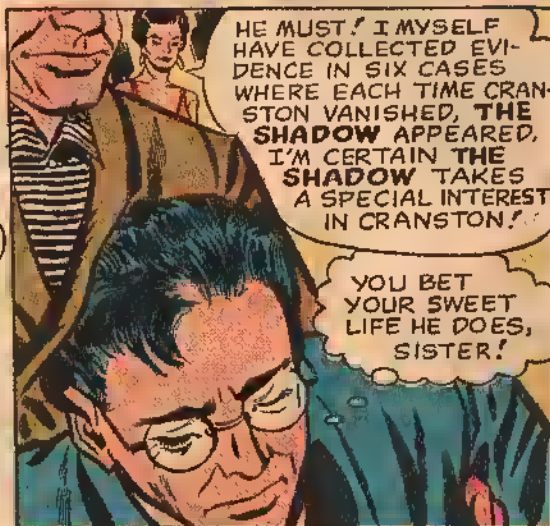
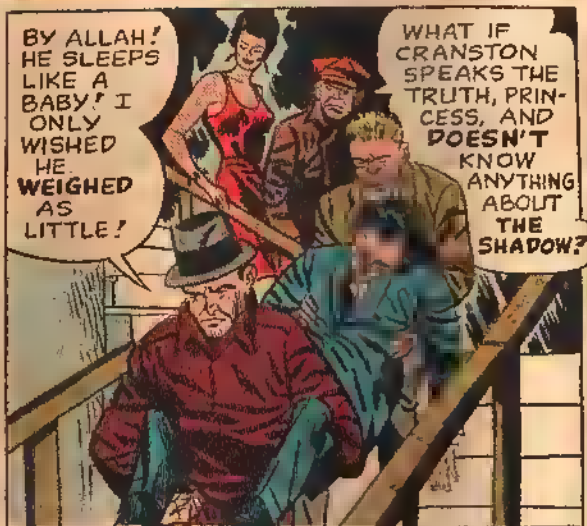
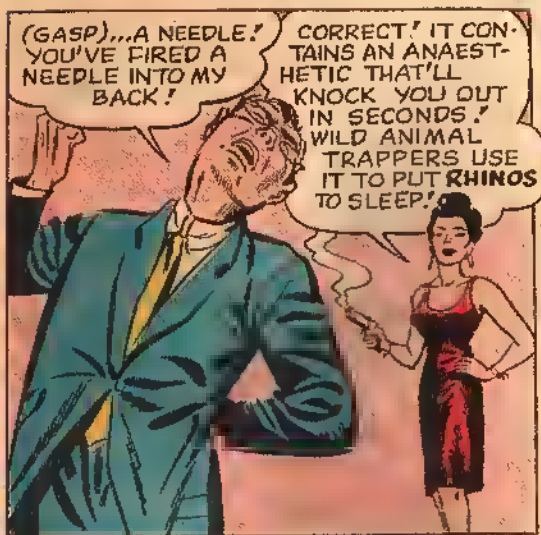
THE SHADOW

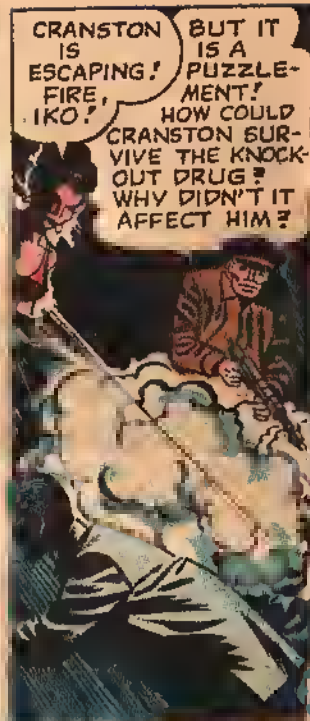
IT WAS AN ORDINARY DAY AT LAMONT CRANSTON'S OFFICE! CORRESPONDENCE TO GET OUT, BUSINESS TO TRANSACT... BUT CRANSTON'S LIFE AND DEATH DEPENDED, AS ALWAYS, ON HOW HE GOT THING'S DONE! FOR EXAMPLE, THERE'S THE CASE OF... THE

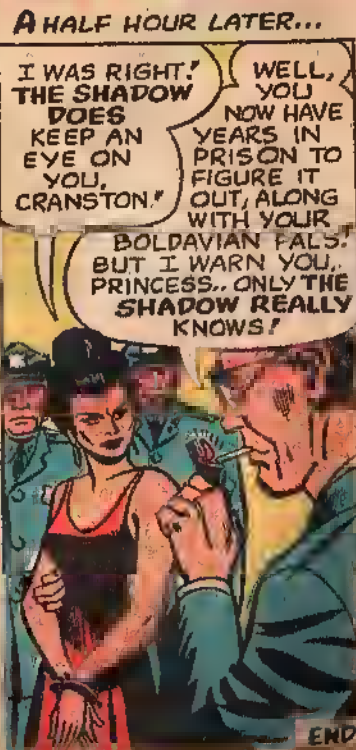
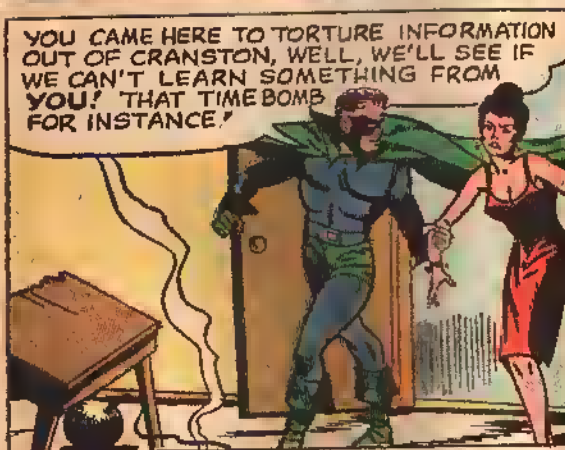
"PRINCESS OF DEATH"











THE ADVENTURES OF THE SHADOW

CHAPTER THREE

BY THE TIME Lamont Cranston left Egypt he had learned a number of vitally important things. First, he realized that by some prank of fate he had become an utterly unique human being, with psychic powers beyond belief. He could instantly hypnotize any living creature and make him totally obedient to his command. Even more shocking, he had discovered that he possessed the eerie genius to convey any image, impression, concept to the brain of his victim and make him see only what Cranston wanted him to see. He could extract confessions of guilt from cunning criminals. He could make the strongest mind suppose anything Cranston wanted him to. In short, Cranston was supreme master of the human mind.

The second thing he realized as he leaned over the railing of a small tourist steamer heading for Greece, was that this power could be put to some positive good. Not for his own gain, for Cranston had money enough to burn. Using his phenomenal skills to line his pockets was nonsensical. To make a career out of amusing audiences as a super-hypnotist was equally out of the question. Then what? What could he do that would be of value, not to himself, but to those around him . . . the downtrodden, the oppressed, the prey of evil forces and evil men? Yes, *there* lay his destiny. He could direct his occult energies into combatting evil wherever it existed! But what cause, what organization would accept his assistance? Should he join the U.S. secret service? The CIA? This might do his country some good. But the enemies of the American ideal were not only of the political sort. They could also be criminals, fiends and what-have-you. . . . Master villains who plan evil to acquire personal wealth, not mere political power.

But even as Cranston's mind churned over the possibilities of a new life, chance pointed the way. As he gazed at the foaming waters below, mulling over what course his life would

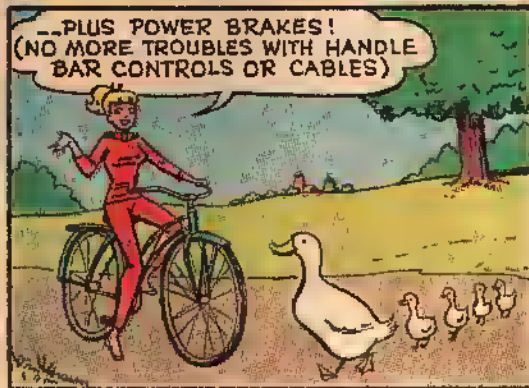
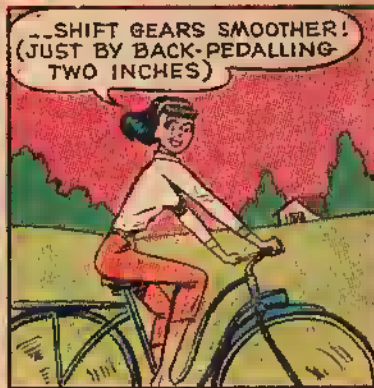
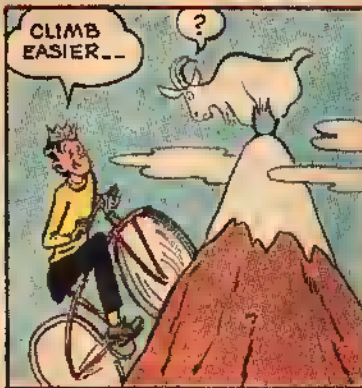
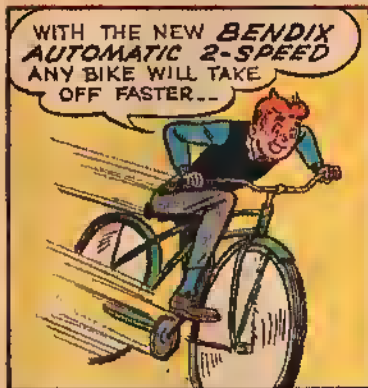
now take, he heard a choked cry that seemed to come from a companion-way beneath the bridge. Whirling, he noticed several struggling men. One man in the middle seemed to be battling desperately against three others who seemed bent on pushing their lone antagonist toward the ship's railing. There was no mistaking their intent. One had clapped a hand over the intended victim's mouth. One kept his arm twisted behind his back in a sort of hammer-lock. The third was dragging the poor fellow toward the rail. Cranston glanced about swiftly, instinctively slipping into the shadows along the line of cabins. Nobody was around to interfere nor to summon help. If any one were to assist this bedeviled stranger it was himself. But Cranston was unarmed. Unarmed with a *firearm*, that is. But Cranston had taken every boxing championship in his division in college. So actually he was *not* "un-armed." He felt in his pocket for a tiny pen-knife. An idea had struck him. Slitheringly, as still as a moonbeam, he moved along the deck. Just as noiselessly, he took his tiny blade and cut out the shape of a poncho out of some dark canvas that covered one of the lifeboats. Darkness, he kept muttering to himself . . . darkness is what I need! Wrapped in darkness I will be able to sneak up on this murderous trio. Swiftly cloaking himself in the black sailcloth, he became a darting black object that went unseen amongst the shadows that lay between him and the life-and-death struggle that was taking place. Before the villains knew what was happening, a living shadow separated itself from the general darkness of the foredeck and leaped upon the unholy trio. One blow of Cranston's fist sent the man who held his prey in a hammerlock reeling across the deck like a clubbed ox. The man who had been stifling the panicked man's breath let out a screech as Cranston gave him a judo-chop behind the neck. Then he collapsed like a sack. The third one stopped dragging and pulled a revolver hastily from his shoulder holster . . . but not hastily enough. One blow from Cranston's fist sent him into oblivion. Soon the intended victim and the hooded figure were the only persons left standing. Wonderingly, the set-upon man stared at Cranston. "Thanks," he gasped. "They almost had me. But who are *you*?" His question stirred Cranston's sense of humor. Instead of replying, he chuckled as he withdrew into the shadows. His reply was unvoiced. Had the man heard it, he would have caught four history-making words: "Only **THE SHADOW** knows!" Yes . . . in only a few instants, **THE SHADOW** had been born!

READ CHAPTER IV


of **THE ADVENTURES OF THE SHADOW**

in the next issue of . . . **THE SHADOW!**

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